

JOCKIE is a bonny Lad,

I lo'ed ne'er a LADIE but ane

ROY's WIFE

OF ALLDIV ALOCH.

Merry may the Maid be.

AND

The Fair PENITENT.



Printed this present Year.

JOCKIE IS A BONNY LAD.

MY Jockie is a bonny lad,
 a dainty lad, a merry lad,
 A neat sweet pretty little lad,
 an' jist the lad for me.
 For when we o'er the meadows stray,
 he's ay so lively, ay so gay;
 And aft right canty does he say,
 there's nane he lo'es like me.
 An' he's ay huggin, ay dawtin,
 ay clappin, ay pressin,
 Ay squeezin, ay kissin,
 an' winna let me be.



I met my lad the other day,
 friskin o'er yon field o' hay;
 Says he, dear Jenny will you stay,
 and crack a while wi' me.
 Na Jockie lad, I darena stay,
 my mither she'd miss me away;
 Syne she'd flyte, and scold a day,
 an' play the di'el wi' me.
 But Jockie he tell a huggin,
 an' a dawtin, an' a pressin,
 An' a squeezin, an' a kissin,
 he wou'd na let me be.

Hoot Jockie, see my hair is down,
 an' look you've torn a' my gown,
 An' how will I gae thro' the town,
 come Jockie tell to me.

But he ne'er minded what I said,
 But with my neck an' bosom play'd.
 I intreated, beg'd an' pray'd,
 him not to touzle me.

But Jockie continued,
 huggin, dawtin, clappin, squeezin,
 An' ay kissin, kissin, kissin,
 till fain to let me be.

LO'ED NE'ER A LADDIE BUT ANE.

Lo'ed ne'er a ladie but ane,
 he lo'ed ne'er a lassie but me,
 He is willing to mak' me his ain,
 an' his ain I am willing to be.
 He has coft me a rock y o' blue,
 an' a pair o' mittins o' green;
 The price was a kiss o' my mou,
 an' I paid him the debt y' green.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,
 their land and their lordly degree,

I carena for ought but my dear,
 For he's ilka thing lordly to me,
 His words more than sugar are sweet,
 his sense drives ilk fear far awa,
 I listen—poor fool an' I greet!
 yea how sweet are the tears as they fa'.

"Dear lassie" he says wi' a jeer,
 "ne'er mind what the auld anes say,
 "Tho' we've little to brag o' ne'er fear,
 "what's gowd to a heart that is wae?
 "Our laird has baith honour and wealth
 "yet see how his dwining wi' care,
 "Now tho' we've naething but health,
 "are canty and leil evermair.

"O may na the heart that is true,
 "hae somethin' mair costly than gear,
 "Ilk e'en it has naething to rue,
 "ilk morn it has naething to fear:
 "Ye warldlings gae hoard up your store
 "and tremble for fear ought you tyne,
 "Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar,
 and door,
 "Whilst thus in my arms I lock
 mine.

He ends wi' a kiss and smile,
 waes me can I tak' amiss,
 When a lad sae unpractis'd in guile,
 smiles fastly and ends wi' a kiss.
 Ye lasses that lo'e to torment,
 your lemans wi' sauce scorn an' strife,
 Play your pranks—for I've gien my
 consent,
 and this night I'll tak' Jamie for life.

ROY'S WIFE OF ALLDIVALLOCH.

R OY's wife of alldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of alldivalloch,
 Wat ye how she cheated me
 as I came o'er the braes o' Balloch.

She vow'd she swore she would be mine,
 she said she lo'ed me best of ony,
 But O! the fikle faithless Queen,
 she's ta'en the carl and left her Johny,

O she was a canty Queen, (wal'och
 And we'll cou'd the dancethe highland
 How happy I, had she been mine,
 or I'd been Roy of alldivalloch.

Roy's wite &c,

Her hair sae fair, her e'en sae clear,
 Her wee bit mou sae sweet and bonny,
 To me she ever will be dear,
 tho' she's forever left her Johny.
 Roy's wife &c.

MERRY MAY THE MAID BE.

MERRY may the maid be,
 that marries the miller,
 For foul day and fair day,
 he's ay bringing till her;
 Has ay a penny in his purse,
 for dinner and for supper,
 And gin you please a good fat cheese,
 and lumps o' yellow butter.

When Jamie first did woo me,
 I spier'd what was his calling
 Fair maid says he, O come and see,
 you're welcome to my dwelling:
 Tho' I was shy, I could espy
 the truth of what he told me,
 And that his house was war and dry,
 and room enough to hold me.

Behind the door, a bag o' meal,
 and in the kist was plenty,
 Of good fat cakes, his mither bakes,
 and bannocks were nae scanty.

A good fat tow, a sleeky cow,
 were standing in the byre;
 Whilst lazy puss, with mealy mouse,
 was playing at the fire.

Good signs are these, my mither says,
 and bids me take the miller,
 For foul day, and fair day,
 he's ay bringing till her.
 For meal and malt she does na' want,
 nor any thing that's dainty,
 And now and then a keckling hen,
 to lay her eggs in plenty.

THE FAIR PENITENT.

A Lovely lass to a fryar came,
 to confess in a morning early,
 In what my dear art thou to blame;
 come own it now sincerely.

I've done fir what I dare not name,
 with a lad that loved me dearly,

Then you to Rome for that must go,
their discipline to suffer,

Lake a-day if it must be so,
pray with me send my lover.
No, no, my dear you do but dream,
we'll have no double dealing,

But if with me you'll repeat the same,
I'll pardon your past failling,
I must own, fir, tho' I blush for shame
your pennance is prevailing.

F I N I S.

